



# Snow Doesn't Bleed



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## Chapter 1 by Raymond Higginson

It was Tuesday. Rain was slipping down the brand new-looking window panes of the considerably large , arctic-white , building with a sleek black bold logo plastered to the front for all to see. 'Whitewood'. Large hordes of people could be seen stepping carefully to avoid the growing puddles, all dressed in bright reds and purples, puffy rain coats and big protecting umbrellas defending them from the torrential pelts of rain. A man in nothing but a thin sleek suit jacket and a sharp white shirt with another streak of dark black from his neck to the 7th button walks through the crowds of ignorants, not caring if they barged him, their one intention to get the warmth of their home or car.

Phillip eventually reaches the one way door, his expression not emitting any emotion for anyone to decode or to configure. It was a face of complete nothing. He walked in, his suit jacket sagging from the water, his hair wet but not changed whatsoever, still combed incredibly to perfection. He strolls himself down the one way small corridor, with a little modern black desk where a young woman sat, presumably the secretary. Phillips back was held straight, his shoulders firm and his face set for battle, the thought of what's to come let the smallest of smirks slip from his lips before he quickly snaps them back into to place.

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grasping a collection of papers before she sets the papers straight using her palm before she skims through them quickly. "Ok... Down the corridor then the first door on the left.. Your appointment is with..." Her eyes squinting slightly "well all it says here is Lyla.. No Doctor name or anything.. Must be a new one" Phillips eye gave a little shine the moment she said 'new one', what was meant to be a long de-picking of Phillips attributes may have just become a field day for Phillip.

Phillip gave the secretary the tiniest of a moderately friendly grin before his shiny polished shoes gave a swivel and a turn before strolling down the wide, plain and simple coloured corridor.

Moments later Phillip was sitting down, his back set straight, his shoulders, like always, spread apart and the palms of his hands pressing flat against his thighs. His dark but sharp eyes stared through to the ones in front of him, being met with a very nervous, and even maybe shy, smile. Phillip was ready, he knew to himself he didn't have to be, she was a little lamb today in this room and he was the wolf. The thought circled around in his head, wolfs and lambs, his face seemingly sinking, his battle preparation suddenly worthless, like he was dropping all his weapons on the ground.

The woman who sat in front of him looked older to Phillip than he expected, not a cocky 25 year old who just received their degree and only took the job to show everyone what they know, but what Phillip pieced together of the woman in front of him was a subtle, 30 something woman with an exterior of knowledge and a lack of confidence. Then the questioned pondered his so defensive mind. 'Why is she the lamb?' His neck cocked to the side slightly as he soaked in what he saw. Her gingery reddish hair, spreading a gentle shade of red ever so softly to the room, curled and twisted around her neck and shoulders and even at her fringe.

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